

FROM THE PAGES OF

THE BOYS

BUTCHER

BAKER, CANDLESTICKMAKER

DYNAMITE 6



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FROM THE PAGES OF **The BOYS.**

BUTCHER

BAKER, CANDLESTICKMAKER.

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.



Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys.**

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6. EVERY ONE OF YOU
SONS OF BITCHES





HE'S A LOUSY V.P. AND HE'LL MAKE AN EVEN WORSE PRESIDENT, BUT HE'S NOT AS DUMB AS HIS BACKERS THINK.

HE KNOWS WHO HE NEEDS TO KEEP AT ARM'S LENGTH. THAT CONVERSATION HE SAID HE'D HAVE, ABOUT SUPES WORKING WITH NORAD--THAT'S GOING TO BE A PRETTY BRIEF EXCHANGE.

GOT ANYTHING ELSE TO IMPRESS US WITH?



WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU...?

WE'RE WHAT HAPPENS.

SPREAD THE WORD.



STRETCH YOUR ARMS OUT ON THE FLOOR FOR ME, THERE'S A GOOD LAD.



WE HAD FIVE OR SIX YEARS O' THAT. AN' IT WAS A LAUGH, BUT...

IT WASN'T THE OBJECT O' THE EXERCISE.

"THEN AGAIN, MALLORY WAS PLAYIN' THE LONG GAME FROM THE START."

Thompson
&
Garand
INDUSTRIAL
IMPORTS

MICHAEL
CANE? YEAH?

HEH,
NO ONE'S EVER
TOLD ME THAT
BEFORE...

WELL,
MAYBE ONE OF
THESE DAYS WE'LL
MEET IN PERSON
AN' YOU CAN SEE
FOR YERSELF.

YEAH,
HE'S HERE.
HANG ON A
MINUTE.

...HOW DOES HE
EXPECT THIS OPERATION
TO REMAIN TOP SECRET,
IF I HAVE TO EXPLAIN
MYSELF TO A ROOMFUL
OF SENATORS?

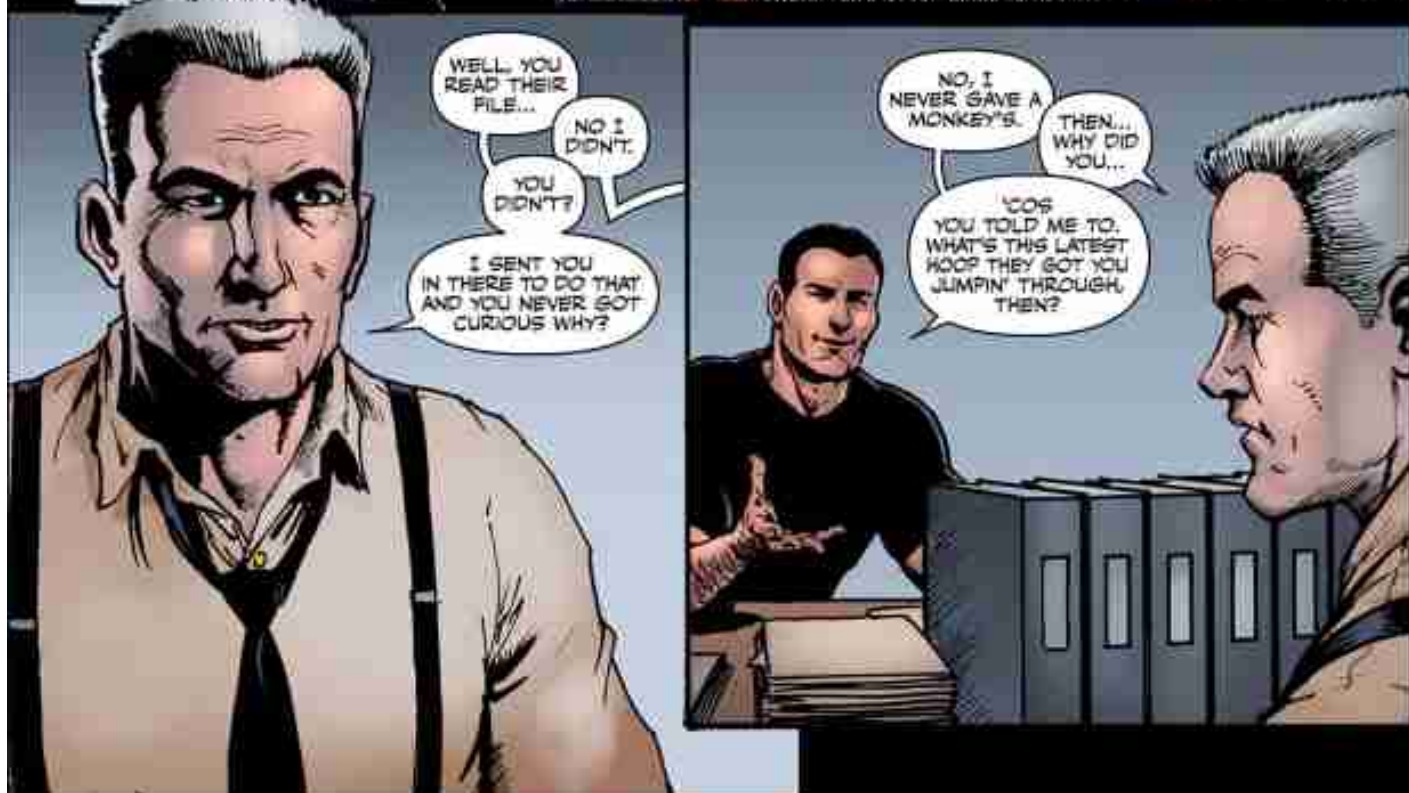
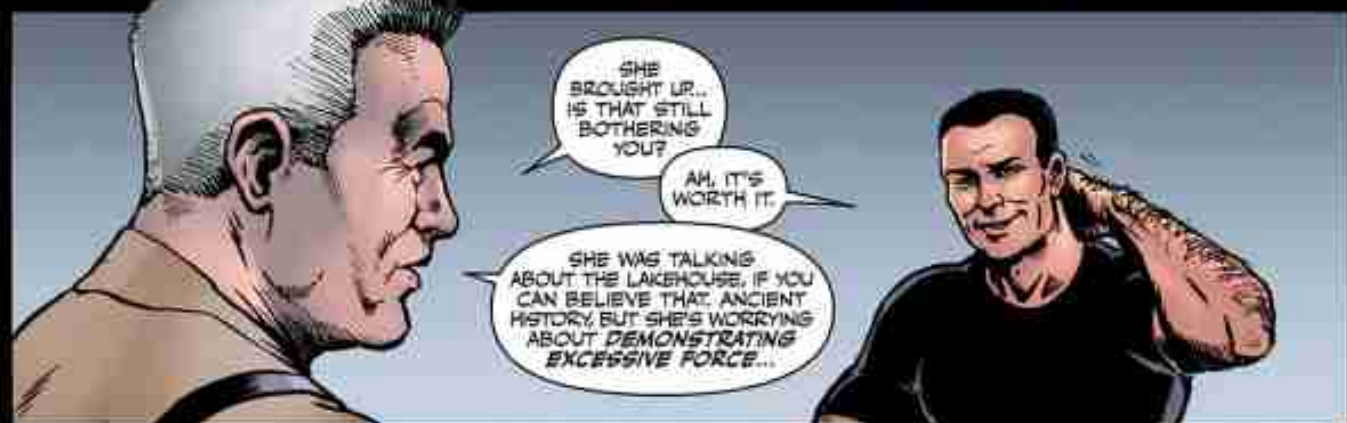
I KNOW, I'VE
MET SOME OF
THEM. THEIR IDEA
OF DISCRETION
DOES NOT
MATCH MINE.

THIS
IS ONE MORE
COMPLICATION IN AN
ARRANGEMENT THAT
WAS MEANT TO BE
FREE OF THEM.
WHAT?

CONFIDENTIAL
BEYOND
VOGELBAUM
IMPROVING
COMPONENT
CONFIDENTIAL

THAT'S AGININE.
THE POINT WAS TO PUT
THEM ON NOTICE, AND
THAT WAS EXACTLY
WHAT WE DID.

IN FUTURE, IF YOUR
BOSS HAS NEWS LIKE THIS
TO DELIVER, HE SHOULD
UNDERSTAND THAT I EXPECT
IT TO COME DIRECTLY FROM
HIM. GOODBYE.





HHH. JUST BE THANKFUL YOU DON'T HAVE TO DEAL WITH THAT END OF THINGS.

I DON'T GET THE CHANCE. I'D BE SAFE ENOUGH IN D.C., YOU KNOW, I AIN'T GONNA EAT ANYBODY...



YOU WANT TO COME ALONG NEXT TIME, FEEL FREE. I CAN PROBABLY GET YOU INTO A SEMINAR ON FILING EXPENSES CLAIMS.

I'M ONLY JOKIN'. I KNOW IT'S HELL OUT THERE ON THE FRONT LINES.



MM.

IT'S WORTH IT. IS WHAT I KEEP TELLING MYSELF. ONE DAY WE'LL HAVE A TEAM. THEN WE'LL HAVE AUTONOMY, OR SOMETHING LIKE IT.

WE WON'T JUST BE THE COMPANY'S STRONGARM CREW, DOING FAVORS THEY OWE THE D.E.A. OR WHOEVER...



NOT THAT WE'RE GONNA TELL THEM THAT, THOUGH.

WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE THEY'LL EVER GIVE US THAT MUCH LEEWAY?

OUR SECRET WEAPON.

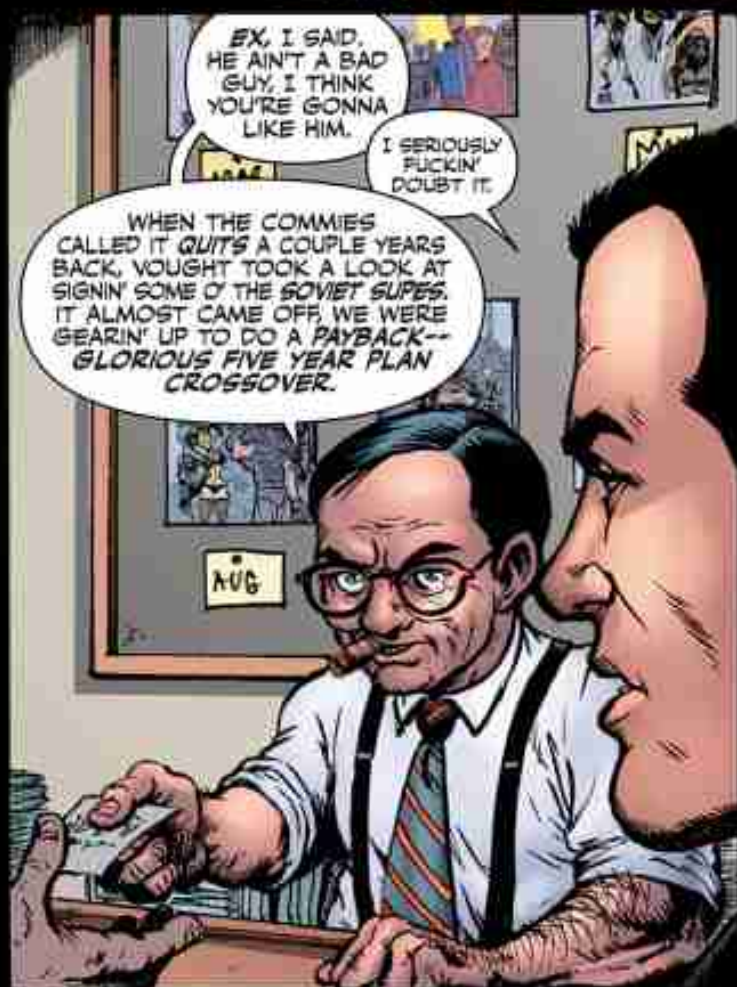


SECRET WEAPON AND DATABASE, ALL ROLLED INTO ONE.

YOU PROBABLY OUGHT TO MEET HIM ONE OF THESE DAYS.







WE'RE MEANT TO BE KEEPING THEM IN LINE. NOT LETTING THEM--OR VOUGHT--GET MORE OF A FOOHOLD THAN THEY ALREADY HAVE.

YEAH, I KNOW THE ROUTINE. HALF THE TIME I THINK WE'D BE BETTER JUST WIPIN' THE LOT O' THEM OUT, TO BE HONEST.

NOT HELPFUL.

NOT PRACTICAL.

YOU'RE A *PIECE OF WORK*, MY FRIEND. YOU OUGHTA THINK ABOUT GETTIN' YOURSELF LAID MORE OFTEN.

THINK THAT'S IT?

LISTEN, I GOT A BROAD EDITIN' *SCARLET SCARAB* SUCKS DICK LIKE A GODDAMN PRO. YOU LET ME SET IT UP, SHE'LL HAVE YOU *SCREAMIN' SPLENDIDDIO*.

OR TRY A CAT. OR A DOG.

I DUNNO, MATE. I AIN'T REALLY INTO THAT.

AS A PET, GODDAMMIT...!

MIGHT FIND IF YOU HAD TO *CARE* FOR SOMETHING, YOU WOULDN'T BE QUITE SO READY TO TEAR THE THROAT OUTTA THE *WORLD* ALL THE TIME...

BLIMEY. HERE'S A SIDE OF THE LEGEND YOU DON'T SEE VERY OFTEN.

OKAY, I'M LEAVING BEFORE THIS TURNS INTO SOME KIND OF ENCOUNTER GROUP.

VAS TURNED OUT TO BE A BRILLIANT BLOKE. THE WEBWEAVER THING WENT LIKE CLOCKWORK.

AN' INSIDE A YEAR...WE'D PUT THE BOYS TOGETHER.



...HE WAS A
PRESENT FROM A MATE,
AS A MATTER O' FACT. I
THOUGHT IT WOULD BE A
RIGHT PAIN, YOU KNOW,
LOOKIN' AFTER A DOG--
BUT I'M ACTUALLY
QUITE ENJOYIN' IT.

I'M TEACHIN'
HIM TRICKS.

BUT WHAT
ABOUT YOU,
BILLY?



YEAH,
ALL RIGHT,
MUM.

HERE
WE GO.



AFTER
BECKY...I WENT
TO BITS. SPENT
A BIT O' TIME IN
THE BIN.

OH,
GOD--!

JUST
COULDN'T COPE.
THAT'S WHY I NEVER
WENT TO THE FUNERAL.
WHY YOU DIDN'T HEAR
FROM ME FOR
SO LONG.

ALL
I WANTED TO
DO WAS NOT...BE...
ANYWHERE NEAR
ANYONE...



SEEMIN' YOU
WOULDA REMINDED
ME O' HER. BEIN' HERE
WOULDA REMINDED
ME O' HER.
EVERYTHING...

I'M SORRY,
MUM. I ALWAYS
THOUGHT I WAS SUCH
A HARDCASE, AN' WHEN
IT CAME TO IT ALL
I DID WAS FALL
APART.

BILLY, NO ONE
WOULDA'VE
BLAMED YOU
FOR THAT...!



I COULDN'T
EVEN GO TO ME
WIFE'S FUNERAL,
MUM. I'M GONNA
BLAME ME FOR
THAT.

OH...!

SO...I
MEAN...

WELL, TIME
WENT BY.

YOU THINK
YOU'RE NEVER GONNA
GET OVER IT. AN' YOU
DON'T, NOT REALLY,
BUT...TIME PASSES AN'
YOU REALIZE YOU'RE
STILL ALIVE ANYWAY.

YOU
GOTTA GET
ON WITH IT.



I DIDN'T WANNA BE ANYWHERE NEAR LONDON, SO
I WENT UP NORTH. RAN INTO A BLOKE I WAS IN THE MARINES
WITH, BIG LAD CALLED LOFTY MCCORD--HE WAS WORKIN'
FOR A SECURITY FIRM AT THE TIME, BODYGUARDIN'
AN' THAT, HE INTRODUCED ME AROUND.

COUPLE
O' YEARS O' THAT AN'
THIS YANK COMPANY
COME OVER, HEADHUNTIN'
LOCAL TALENT. I WAS
ONE O' THE ONES GOT
HEADHUNTED.



SO YOU'RE A
BODYGUARD...?

**PERSONAL
SECURITY CONSULTANT,**
MUM. I'D GIVE YOU ME CARD,
BUT I DOUBT YOU COULD
KEEP YER FACE STRAIGHT
LOOKIN' AT IT.

I WORK FOR
A FIRM IN NEW YORK,
LOOKS AFTER CELEBRITIES
AN' BUSINESSMEN. YOU
MIGHT EVEN SEE ME ON
THE TELLY IF YOU KEEP
YER EYES PEELED THE
NEXT TIME MADONNA'S
ON TOUR.

MADONNA--?

YEAH, PEOPLE LIKE THAT. IT
AIN'T AS FANCY AS IT SOUNDS, HALF
THE TIME ALL YOU'RE DOIN'S
KEEPIN' THEIR BAD BEHAVIOUR
OUTTA THE PAPERS.

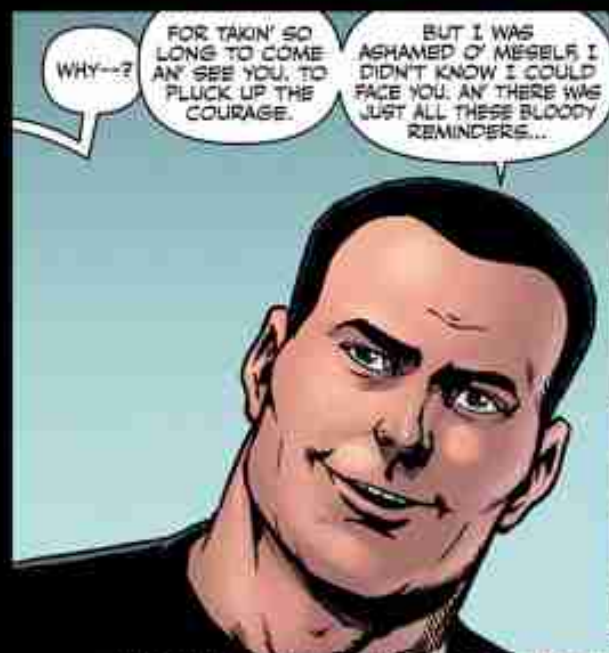
BUT ONE
THING IT AIN'T
IS DANGEROUS,
WHICH SUITS ME
DOWN TO THE
GROUND.



AN' YOU DO MEET SOME FAIRLY
USEFUL PEOPLE, WHICH IS WHY
THE BOY HERE AIN'T SPENDIN'
SIX MONTHS IN QUARANTINE
AT GATWICK...

BLIMBY...!





"SO I DID. AN' I
TELL YOU WHAT, I
HARDLY FELT A
BLEEDIN' THING.

"I DIDN'T BOTTLE OUT
LIKE I THOUGHT I
MIGHT. DIDN'T FALL TO
BITS LIKE I WAS
WORRYIN' I WOULD.

"I STARTED INTO THE LITTLE
SPEECH I HAD PLANNED, ABOUT
BEIN' SORRY FOR ALL THE
THINGS I DONE AN' GIVIN' IN TO
THAT OTHER SIDE O' MESELF--
AN' I KNOCKED IT ON THE HEAD
ABOUT HALFWAY THROUGH, 'COS
BECKY WASN'T THERE..."

"WHAT THE FUCK'S
COLD MARBLE,
NEXT TO THE WAY
HER SKIN FELT?

"WHAT'S WORDS
IN STONE NEXT
TO THE GREEN
O' HER EYES?"

R.I.P.
REBECCA JOAN
BUTCHE







SO THERE YOU ARE, DAD. THAT'S WHAT I COME HERE TO TELL YOU.



YOU AN' YOU ALONE, TOO. EVERY DICKHEAD OUT THERE'S MOUTHIN' OFF ABOUT EVERY FUCKIN' DETAIL O' THEIR LIVES THESE DAYS. AIN'T THEY? THEN THEY WONDER WHY IT ALL GOES PEAR-SHAPED ON 'EM.

BUT THIS AIN'T NO ONE'S BUSINESS BUT MINE.



BUT...

THAT AIN'T ALL OF IT.

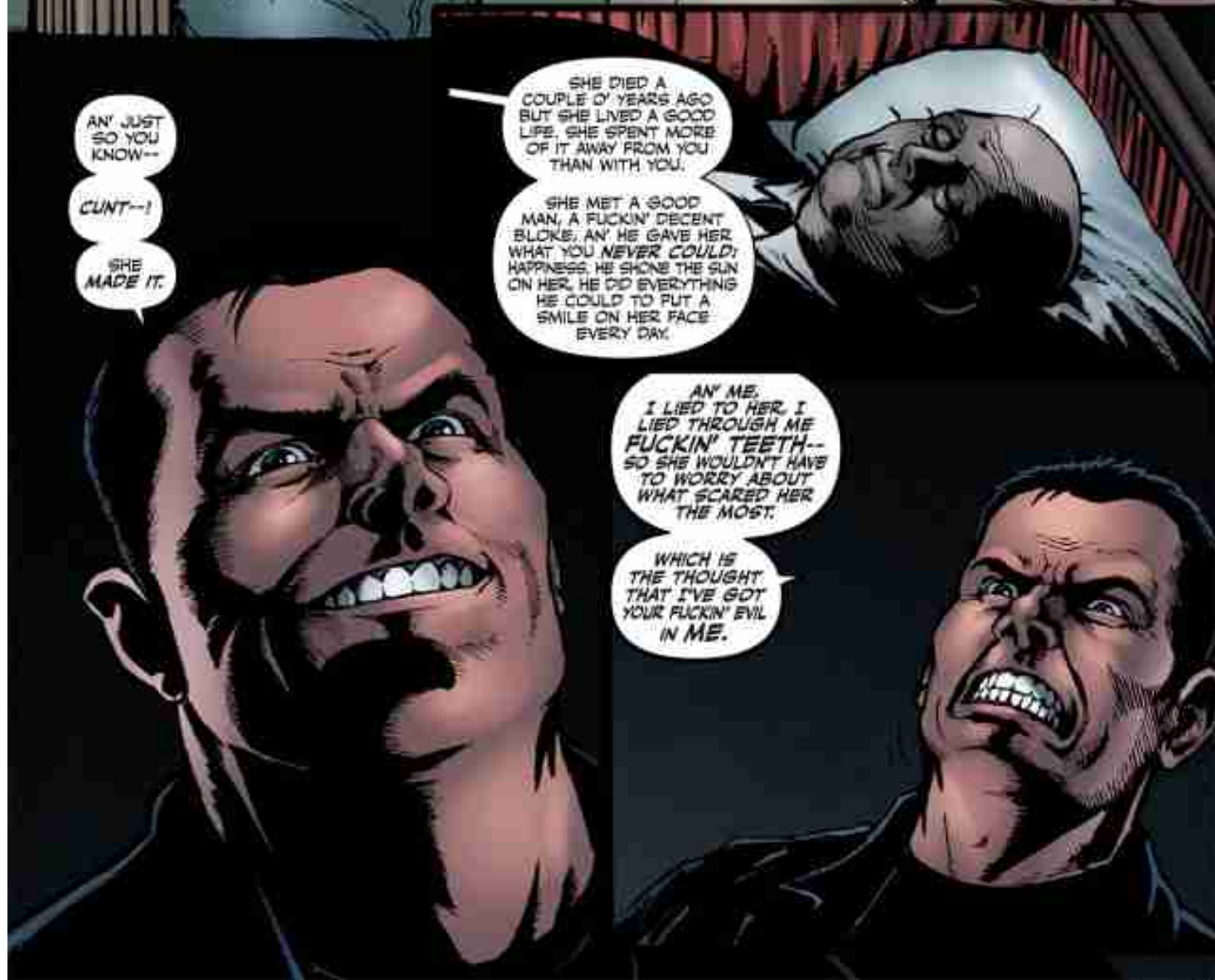
'COS THERE WAS ONE THING I DID GET RIGHT. I COULDN'T'VE DONE IT WITHOUT BECKY. IT WAS HER THAT MADE IT HAPPEN.

BUT IF THERE'S ONE THING IN ME LIFE I'M PROUD OF.





"IT'S THAT I GOT MUM AWAY FROM YOU."



AN' JUST SO YOU KNOW--

CUNT--!

SHE MADE IT.

SHE DIED A COUPLE O' YEARS AGO BUT SHE LIVED A GOOD LIFE. SHE SPENT MORE OF IT AWAY FROM YOU THAN WITH YOU.

SHE MET A GOOD MAN, A FUCKIN' DECENT BLOKE. AN' HE GAVE HER WHAT YOU NEVER COULD! HAPPINESS. HE SHONE THE SUN ON HER. HE DID EVERYTHING HE COULD TO PUT A SMILE ON HER FACE EVERY DAY.

AN' ME, I LIED TO HER. I LIED THROUGH ME FUCKIN' TEETH-- SO SHE WOULDN'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT WHAT SCARED HER THE MOST.

WHICH IS THE THOUGHT THAT I'VE GOT YOUR FUCKIN' EVIL IN ME.



AN'...THAT'LL
HAVE TO BE ENOUGH.
'COS IT'S THE ONLY
GOOD THING I'LL'VE
DONE.

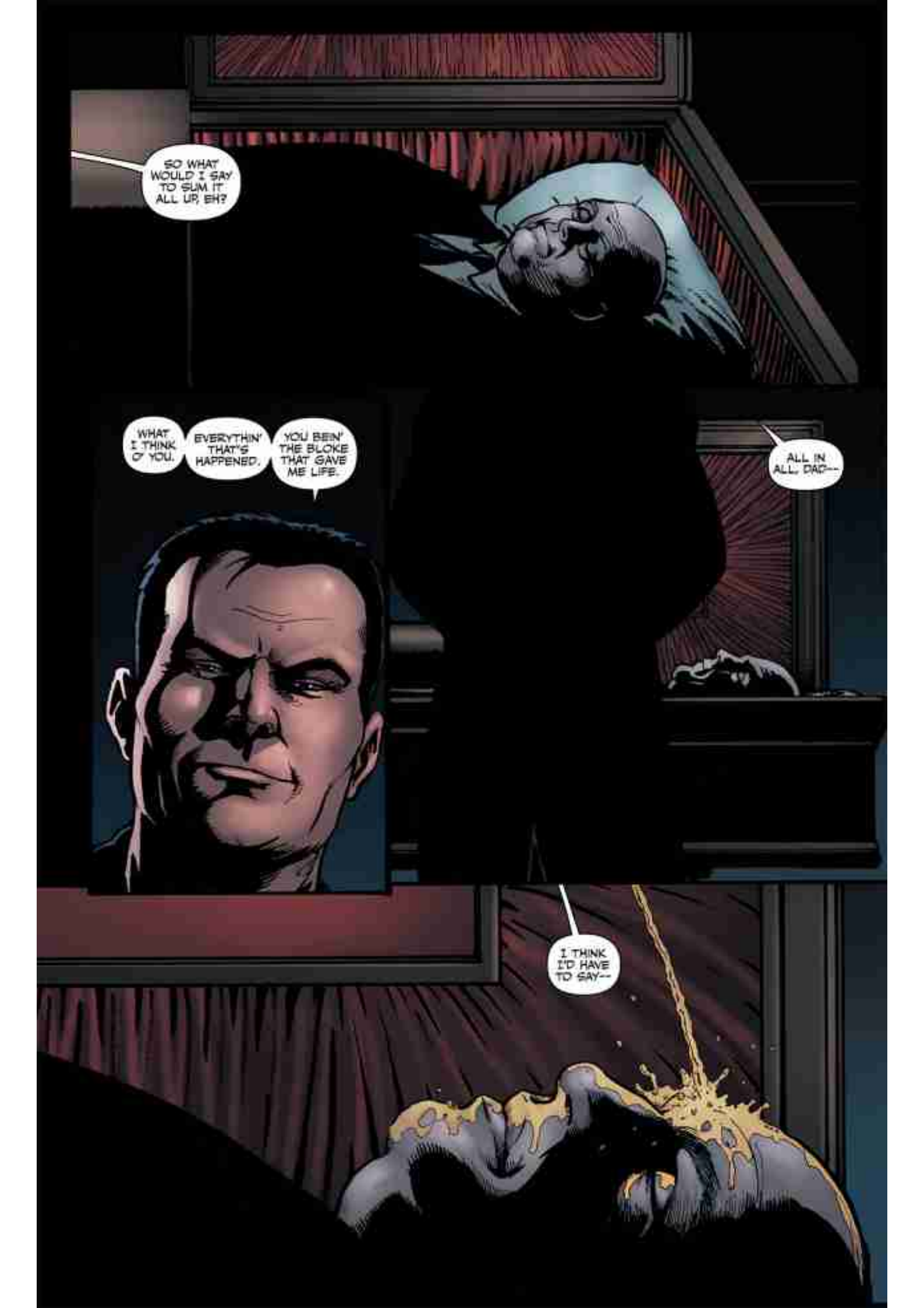
AFTER ALL,
WE'RE PRETTY
GOOD PEOPLE TO
GET AWAY FROM,
AIN'T WE?

"THERE'S PEOPLE THINK MALLORY
MADE ME WHAT I AM. BUT ALL HE
DONE WAS LIT THE CANDLE."

"GOT ME BACK ON TRACK,
YOU MIGHT EVEN SAY."

NAH, WE
KNOW WHO
BRUNG ME
INTO THE
WORLD. YOU
AN' ME, WE
KNOW.

WE
BOTH KNOW
YER BIGGEST
CRIME
OF ALL.

A man in a dark suit and tie is looking down at a man lying on a couch. The man on the couch is wearing a light blue shirt and has a white cloth over his head. The scene is set in a room with dark wood paneling and a red curtain in the background.

SO WHAT
WOULD I SAY
TO SUM IT
ALL UP, EH?

WHAT
I THINK
OF YOU.

EVERYTHIN'
THAT'S
HAPPENED.

YOU BEEN'
THE BLOKE
THAT GAVE
ME LIFE.

ALL IN
ALL, DAD--

I THINK
I'D HAVE
TO SAY--

I'M
GLAD IT WAS AN
OPEN FUCKIN'
COFFIN.



END

And there was nothing on the marker to explain to Mrs. Feathers why her only daughter had married a known thief and murderer, a man of notoriously violent and intemperate disposition.

-- *Unforgiven*, screenplay by David Webb Peoples